

"The truth is," resumed Nor..., ameditative puff or two, as they started slowly on, "I'm not in the mood for anything to-night—club, politics or society. Confound business! Attend to it faithfully and it makes a slave of your

it faithfully and it makes a slave of your neglect it, and it's an avenging Nemesia, forever at your heels!"

"That's so," assented Warner, with a mournful inflection, as if he were reluctantly admitting a proposition which he had found to be all too true. "The political field pays better; for, what if they do pitch into you, the opposition press, I mean, you draw your ducata regularly so long as you're in office, and the less you do to deserve it, the better your chances are of being appreciated by the public. Office-holding is a soft business, If a man lan't a fanatic on duly and knows how to look out for number one; and I guesa we can trust you for one; and I guesa we can trust you for that, North."

that, North."
"Oh, yes, that has always been a very important figure with me, and I daresay it will continue to be. And why should it not, pray? A man is the natural guardian of his own interests, and if he guardian of an own interests, and the neglects them they are apt to suffer; no one else will look out for them. But, on the other hand, there's an almost universal impulse to help the man that helps himself—"
"Provided he doesn't 'help himself' at

"Provided no documents." suggested the dear public's expense." suggested Warner, dryly: a hon mot at which both he and North laughed indulgently,

both he and North laughed indusgently, and the latter added:

"But, even then, my dear Warner, you should recollect that there are usually regues enough in authority to connive at his escape, unless they happen to be so deeply concerned in his transactions that their only way to save themselves is to sacrifice him and make him 'the huge scapegoat of the

"Now you've hit it!" declared Warner, turning sharply to North, "Wild horses couldn't drag the admission from horses couldn't drag the admission from Clipper, but I've always believed—and said it, too, all in the family—that this was about the size of that outery against Damon. Why he should have been hounded out of office by a set of rogues, who had probably been fleecing the taxpayers ever since they went into politics, I don't see. It's on the principle, I suppose, of punishing the starving wretch that steals a lonf of bread and letting the shrewd scoundred that swindles whole communities go sectand letting the shrewd scoundred that awindles whole communities go scot-free! Of course, there's no reasonable doubt that Damon was creoked, but who imagines that he was any worse than Brown or Jones, for instance? He was unfortunate enough to get found out; they were shrewd enough not to. That's the way I figure it out."

Warner spoke with considerable warmth, and as if he were certain of

North's sympathy.

It was with blank dismay that North perceived to what definite suspicions against persons quite unknown to him he was supposed to have committed himself by his innocently abstract remark. He hastened to take refuge behind "Now see here, Warner," he said

with an air of speaking in the most sacred confidence, "it will never do to say this, you know, and really, I did not wish you to understand me quite as you did. I don't consider it expedient to make any definite charges against anyone, whatever my private opinion may be."

may be."

"Oh, of course; no use to bring it up now; but if we get Haileck in there he'll sift the whole business. That's what I told Clipper all, along, as an argument for opposing Halleck's nomination; but he said: 'We've got to give them the treasurer, or it will cost us the other offices, like enough.' And so it would, I suppose. If we had made a split on Halleck it would have done the business for you, for they were deter business for you, for they were deter-mined to get one of their men in, either for treasurer or attorney, and Clipper said: 'So long as we elect the city attorney, I'll risk Halleck's investiga-

North, quite bewildered by Warner's relations and equally uncertain to what sentiments he ought to commit Ollin, contrived here to give the conversation a turn from local to national politics on which safe ground they continued until the end of their walk. Then, as they paused at the hotel steps, Warner suddenly reverted to personal affairs.

"Well, then," he said, "there's an un-derstanding, is there, North, that you are to leave all the details of the canvass, for the remaining two weeks, to Clipper and me, just the same as if you

"Absolutely in your hands," returned North, with emphasis. "You see couldn't do better. I don't see how could," he added abstractedly.

look, you know, if you appear to be in ent. Wymer, now, is just crazy the election. He talks about and night, waking and sleeping, drunk and sober: It's literally his onidea. First one he ever had, so of course he wants to make the most of it. I think you've shown good sense, North, in keeping yourself so thoroughly out ss. Trust all to Clipper and We've put too many elections ough to fail on this one. You can hold yourself in readiness, you know, to address a meeting when your constitu-ents clamor for a few words of wisdom from you, or when your presence wil help on the enthusiasm; but you needn't

soll your kid gloves." "Very well," said North, with a laughing wave of farewell; "I'm in the hands of my friends, and the abject slave of If I'm elected, I'll not resign!"

CHAPTER VIL

Until a late hour that night North was absorbed in the anxious contemplaand the difficulties that would inevitably attend its accomplishment. When he arcos the next morning and reviewed the situation by the merelless light of day, it was with a sense of calm daring and with resisting the solution hardened to flint.

Suddenly his grave and puzzled counterment of the situation by the merelless light of day, it was with a sense of calm daring this dilemma, "House North!" "How tion of the task that he had assumed

ing it at all, had been sauntering in the opposite direction from Market square, with every step putting a greater distance between himself and that aristocratic portion of "down-town."

"Oh, I wasn't going there directly, you know," he responded negligently, without deigning even to smile at Warner's suggestion. "However, if you are going that way yourself, I will walk with you as far as the office. Anything new this morning?" he added in a confidential tone as they started on together, Warner unconsciously taking the lead.

the lead.

'Nothing much, I guess. Heard about the row on High street? No? Why, it's all over town! You see, Rochester and Bingham got disputing with old Wymer last night, and they came to blows before they could be separated. They were all a little under the influence, you know, just enough to make They were all a little 'under the influence,' you know; just enough to make them quarrelsome. It was a regular knock-down affair which some hundred or more voting citizens, chiefly of the lower classes (besides your humble servant, who represented the aristocracy, you know), happened to witness. The workingmen must have been highly citized, but seeings, their friends and edified by seeing their friends and champions making Kilkenny cats of

North shrugged his fastidious shoulers, and with the tips of his gloved ogers daintily stroked his sweeping

"Ry Jove, Warner!" he finally clace alated, "it's enough to disgust one for-ver with politics!"
"Oh, I don't know," returned Warner,

in cheerful dissent. "I confess I should rather have it happen just as it did than to have any of our men concerned in it, when it can be arranged that way just as well as not; but how about Clipper's knock-down encounter with Duncastle last spring?" last spring?"

last spring?"
"I repeat your question," said North, temporizingly; "how about it? Was the affair especially creditable?"
"Creditable? It just made Clipper solid with all the best men in the city!" cried Warner, excitedly, "its settled the worst scallawag in town so effectually that he didn't dare to show his face at the polls, and the consequence was we had a decent, quiet, orderly election. I tell you, there are now and then crises in political affairs when he-roic measures are necessary, and it's



GOING CRAIL PARISON, ERE

ortunate at such times to have a me Bre Clipper—one east in the hero nold—on hand to meet the emergency. "That 'Wymer meeting,' then," say gested North, reverting to the neare event. "was not a very brilliant suc-cess, I imagine?"
"Success? It was a regular fizzle!

How could it be anything else with such a set to run it? A house divided against itself can't stand, particularly when it has such a shaley foundation. Seen Clipper this morning, North?" "No," answered North, mentally qualifying the negative.

"I left him in the office finishing

clousness that I may thus display will and a scholar, does he?" suggested Crawford county. W. P. Parker, vice James North, with a laughing glause at War-ner, while through his mind the thought flashed quickly:

"So Clipper is an editor-that's one fact learned!" Yes; or a-what was that Roman tes; or a — what was that Roman fellow's name? Clipper knows it—ready to fling yourself into the abyes, you know, and save our municipal govern-ment. Ah! here's the office. Well, I'll see you later, North."

And with this safe prediction, and a hasty wave of his hand, Warner hurried

i alone and was speedily swallowed up by distance and the crowd

""Though lost to sight, to memory dear?" quoted North, mentally, as the energetic figure vanished from his grateful view. "What should I have done but for his timely appearance? I might have been drifting uimlessly about the city, or else still stranded on bout the city, or else still stranded or hat corner, afraid to launch away; cer ainly I should not have bee where I now am-at 3 and 5 Marke

He glanced up with interest at the mpocing brown stone front and the polished plate glass window on which he saw the firm name, "North & Wes-cott, Attorneys and Counselors at Law," emblaconed in gilt letters. Then, turning to the door, he entered the outer office, one of a handsome suite of characters.

a dozen clerks and students, some por-ing over huge volumes of law, others harrily writing. They all glameed up as North entered and greeted him with a "Good morning, Mr. North!" in which a becoming deference and jovial good fellowship were blended; and he re-

fellowship were blendedt and he responded with gracious courtery.

Then he inquired, addressing them all in a general way:

"Itse Mr. Wescott come down yet?"

"Yes, sir; Mr. Wescott is in the private office," answered one of the slorks, with an involuntory jerk of his head lower the door of that room.

North nodded carcinosty and stood for a moment contemplatively gazing out of the window; then, summoning

out of the window; then, summoring all his resolution, he quietly approached the door and entered the private office of North and Wessett. It's first impression was of a rather inxuriously furnished chamber, with way chairs, a whist table, a shelf of novels and other similar adjuncts to re-lieve the severely legal aspect of the

As Told by Crazy Nell to a Sum mer-Day Visitor. inspect this typical New England fish-ing village, with its queer, rambling streets, its ancient houses, its old wharfs, once the scene of activity, now

place. But before he could glance crit faculties were absorbed by a startling

discovery.

Behind one of the desks, and evidently in rightful possession thereof, he saw an awkwardly bent figure, a familiar shock of dark brown hair, a familiar pair of English whisters and eye-

pair of England Winsters and type glasses.

Tosaing down his pen after affixing a few hairline flourishes to the signature that he had just scrawled on the paper before him, Mr. Wescott suddenly straightened up and met North's astonished gaze.

"By Jove!" was North's mental ejacution.

lation as he surveyed his brother's part-ner with mingled emotions. "It's Wee!" "What's the matter, North?" de-

manded that gentleman, leaning for-ward with both elbows on the desk, resting his chin on one hand and direc-ing a keen glance at North through his

eye-glasses.
"Oh, nothing at all, Wee. I thought
I would drop in for a few moments and
see how you were," said North, as he
threw himself into an easy chair opposite Mr. Wescott and coolly returned
the scrating.

his scrutiny.
"Quite a condescension:" growled
Wee, sarcastically. "Seen old Archer
this morning?"
"Oh, come now, Wee, why are you

forever thrusting old Archer upon me?" began North, waving his hand with an air of languid protest. air of languid protest.

"Riceause you're so confoundedly negligent that you'll not attend to anything of the sort unless it is kept before your mind," retorted Wee, sharply, "Oh, is that it? You take my interests very much to heart, Wee," observed North with an indoicnt drawl

which, as he perceived with secret satisfaction, was particularly exasperating to Mr. Wescott.
"It isn't your interests," returned

Wee, shortly. "It's my own, which are bring sacrificed by my business con-nection with you." "My dear fellow, you don't say so!" exclaimed North, lifting his eyebrows

THE CHOCTAWS VICTIMIZED.

Sharks Given a Chaure to Bleed Them by Discounting Warrants. HARTSHORNE, I. T., July 29.—The first disbursement of the leased district money for the Choctaw nation was commenced at Tablequah and finished for that point yesterday. From there the treasurer proceeded to Sulphur Springs and will make a circuit of the entire nation until all registered have been paid. While the treasurer may not consider it advisable to carry the not consider it advisable to carry the necessary abundance of each with him, much dissatisfaction is expressed with the issuance of paper payable in Fort Smith, Ark., which is the course he has adopted. It is alleged that a gang of money sharks are following the procession, andly supplied from gang of money sharks are following the procession, amply supplied from unknown sources, who discount the checks at 5 per cent, which per cent is formed more than two or three days at most. "Poor Lo" is confronted with the alternative of an expensive trip to Fort Smith or the nearest bank on the border, a probable drunk, and a very possible robbery of all his money. The distribution will seeme at least three

New Postmasters.
Washington, July 29,—The follow ing fourth class post office appoint-ments were made to-day! In Missouri—At Ava, Douglas county, James Haller, removed at Berryman

distribution will occupy at least three

Crawford county. W. P. Parker, vice James Wright, removed at Blemarck, M. Francois county, F. Beard, vice W. Murphy, removed; at Lockwood, Dade county, J. Alverson, vice W. Hill, removed; at Milers burg. Collays county, W. Weir, at West Line, Gass county, B. Givens, vice E. Karr, removed; at Contes, Pratt county, C. Prox. vice J. Jacks, removed; at Contes, Pratt county, C. Prox. vice J. Jacks, removed; at Lone Elm. Anderson county, M. Witon, Carrier, vice Johnson Miss removed; at Neal, Green wood county, N. Robh, vice E. Turner, removed; at Pawner estation, Bourbon county, G. W. Aubrer; at Bedfield, Bourbon county, S. Taggart, vice I. Weich, removed; at Ulyssea, Grant county, R. Buffingles.

Bogus | Bogus white lean would have no sale did it not arrive wastern a larger profit than a rathy Pure White Lead. a wise man is never persuaded to

Strictly Pure White Lead

The market I fixeded with sparious white leads. The following studyees, made by eminent chamfets, of two of three evidending brauda show the exact proportion of genuine white lead they contain:

Missealing Board

*Sixuland Leaf Co. Directly Pure White Look Ot. Look Market Malrach by Barret and Andrach Market Market

Misiraling Dead
* Pacific Warrantes Fure [A] White Lead.** Minister Land Lines cort. Lebox & Co. Online of June 15 No white lead in it.

You can avoid boges lead by pur-chering may of the following brands. They are manufactured by the "Old Duttill process," of the state of the "process, and are the standards "Southern" "Collier" "Red Seal"

FOR alle by the most entitled dealers in paints averywhere.

If you are to one to paint, it will pay you to send to under containing information that may see you maily a defer it will only safe you a portal card to do not

NATIONAL LEAD CO. St. Louis Branch, New York Clark Avenue and Touth Street.

A STORY OF THE SEA.

The steamer time-table said: "Pas-sengers can land and have one hour to

wharfs, once the scene of activity, now silent and deserted," etc.

I stood at the end of the landing-place and looked down the long street with the walk on one side and the harbor on the other, then turned to watch the crowd rush past to take the town by storm, staring in at the windows of the houses, overrunning the quiet little grave-yard, intruding everywhere; in fact, doing everything that rude, vandal excursionists do the world over.

"Desecrators," I thought, "how shall I avoid you? Here I take what I suppose to be an out-of-the-way pince to get a little rest, and, if possible, new ideas, but instead

and, if possible, new ideas, but instead of a quiet boat and leisurely sall, you, the great uncouth, overflowing with animal spirits and lunch baskets, are animal spirits and linch baskets, are before me, yea, your crumbs are upon me, and the marks of your children's clammy hands and the sound of their anguished sobs are even yet mine."

After which elegant apostrophe I desperately struck into a straggling side street, and in a few short moments, to my astoniahment, they were left far behind.

I stopped and looked about.

Behind me the town lay, a narrow fringe of gray, colorless houses bordering the inner harbor. Here and there a thin penciled column of smoke rose straight up as from a fire in a desert, the air was so still and bot. in a desert, the air was so still and hot. in a desert, the air was so shill and not. Before me a stretch of blinding yellow sand, sparkling with glints of amethyst and pearl from the disintegrated sea shells which formed part of the drift that lay heaped up in odd, monstrous, angular dunes, tufted with occasional bunches of vivid green

wire grass; a veritable sea scrpent's lair; a domain of desolation. Beyond, a sea so calm, so translucent that the horizon line is lost, melted

away into the sky.

A monotonous droning filled the ear, reminding one of the cicadas of Provence. From some shippard came the dull-measured stroke of a caniker's hammer, sounding like the tapping of a hammer, sounding like the tapping of a woodpecker; again the "peep! peep!" of a sand bird; these are the only evi-dences of life. The spell of sleep is over everything, and I stand looking unconsciously right ahead till the sud-den noise of the excursion boat blow-ing off steam arouses me, and I see a low cottage, the last on the lane, surrounded by a meager yard fenced with driftwood held together by pieces of

Before the door is a pretentious porch or arbor constructed of the gray, bleaching ribs of a whale. An enterprising morning-glory vine is endeavoring to envelop and clothe its ghastliness, but it protrudes and stands out from the flabby, sun-killed wreaths like a whited serulcher. A cable-stone walk edged sepulcher. A cobble-stone walk edged with pink couch shells completes the dreary ensemble. I am about to turn back to the town,

fam about to turn lock to the town, for it is not very pleasant paddling about in the shifting sands under the brotting sun, when I see a little crouched-up figure sitting on a block of wood in the shadow of an old dory, and so much the color of the surroundings as to be almost unnoticed.

It is a woman gray and bent with

It is a woman, gray and bent with years, looking fixedly at me with queer, canny eyes, her lips moving as she counts the stitches of the knitting in her hands.

her hands.

I push open the gate on its rope hinges and enter, asking politely for a drink of water. Never stopping she nods toward the well. I help myself and then sit down near her, remarking: "This is a beautiful day."

"Sun draw water in the mornin' Sailors take warnin'," she answers, never taking her eyes off me. It was so unexpected I started, but rallying said:

"Well, a nice fresh breeze wouldn't In sad, monotonous tone, she re-

When winds blow fresh across the main And mist souds up from the les. There's apt to be some rain And a choppy sou'east sea."

"Well, well," I laughed, pleasantly, though I didn't feel a mite that way; "you're quite a rhymster, mother; got verses for all kinds of weather."

The laugh seemed to please the old sybil for an instant, then the small eyes grew and again and she said, nodding

oward the village "No, I just came down and going right

"Then nobody sent you here?" lean-'No; just strayed this way to avoid

the crowd. Why do you ask?"
"They send people here to bother me.
They say I'm crazy, crazy Nell, you know; ever hear tell of her?"

"No; but tell me, mother, how you live in this wilderness?"

"All the day I knit stockin's an' mits an lots of nippers for the fishermen to wear when they're fishin'. They're not all bad. They give me food and things for them, sometimes a little tea; but it's a poor life, lad, a poor an' sorrow-ful life for old crazy Nell, with only her thoughts and the sea's mouns for com pany; an' death passes me, that only longs to go, and takes the young an' strong, that wants to live; but the day is nigh at hand now; soon I will see my is nigh at hand now; soon I will see my Malcolm, my bonny boy, my husband-gone, lad, gone, gone, and only married one day; think of it, me all alone, alone for forty weary winters and forty wearier summers, waitin' to die an' go to him. Do you think he has forgiven

"Suppose you tell me your story," I said, gently, rather touched by her plaintiveness.
"My story? aye; and what joy would

ye find in the vagaries and mumblin's of an old crazy woman like me, I canna

'He built this house for me, his bride. Oh, but I was a happy girl then yes, an' one of the tidiest and prettiest of the village, and often I was told of it, and he was the smartest and bravest of all the fisher lads that went out to the Banks; every one loved him, myself most of all, the I was a bit pert and liked my own way; well, well, the day of rest is nigh to me now. Hearken, then, sir, an' I'll tell ye a tale of the sad, sad sea; a tale of its cruelty to one I loved; a tale that's brimful with pain an' woes, an' griefs; ah, God, that he should go! wild au' awful the tempest raged when he dared an' perished!" Aftar a few moments of weening and

You're Losing Something.

every day that you try to worry along without Pearline. And what's the use? What do you gain? You can't have washing done more safely than it's done with Pearline. And it can't be done more cheaply-if

it's done safely. Where you lose is in time and labor. Pearline saves half of both. You lose in clothes, too. You can't rub them clean in the old way on the washboard, without rubbing them to

pieces. All these things that you lose are money. Peddlers and some unscrupplous gro-cers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled; if your procer sends you an imi-tation, be honest—send if Asch. 300 JAMES PYLE, New York.

muttering to nerself sne Degan in. _____ jointed narrative anew: "Softly the gray mists hung far o'er "Softly the gray mists hung far o'er the smiling bay, an' the sun sparkled on the little ripples that were so weak they hardly broke on the shore that fair September morn we two were married. But as night came on, great dark towerin' storm clouds, leaden-hued, scurried across the heavens, an' the fierce, red lightnings glowered an' flashed on a roarin' sea. From the dark south, up came the gale, drivin' before it straight, unbroken rows of mountain ous billows, crowned on top same as ous billows, crowned on top same as with white yeast; then, like a fiend turned loose with shrickin' yells and bellowin's, down swooped the storm and whipped big clots of foam from off the waves, an hurled the heavy swell far up the groaning shore. Truly the earth seemed frightened with the mad-

ness of the seas.
"But in the house here we were havin' a merry time. We had a lot of women and children from town, and a couple of the young men who were just in from a trip and stopped over to see us married. Old Cap'n Thomas and the minister had each just said a grace, and we were about to fall to and eat, when suddenly some one heard a faint signal gun. In a minute feast and ev-erything was forgotten; off rushed the erything was forgotten; off rushed the whole company, men, women and children, Malcolm and me with them, to the beach. What did we see in the darkening evening fight? A vessel way out seaward, pounding on the bar! Not a stick nor spar did she have standing; shorn of everything by the force of the shock when she struck, and the big waves dashin' and lashin' clean

"Not a minute do we waste, but all hands help drag the life-boat down to the edge of the surf, and then quick call for volunteers, brave fellows who count themselves nothing if they can only save some one cise's life. My Mal-com felt no fear, he was the first to oppring forward, and, though I clung to him and beseeched and sobbed, would not heed me. He gave one last embrace to me, his new-made wife, and turned to the boat.

to the boat.

"Valniy I begged him to remain with me that first day of our wedded life; but no, he counted his duty before all else. Oh, that I had died then! My heart was filled with a dark terror; 'twas torn and rent apart with anguish that he would go; my head was swimmin' and recin', and crazed with the cracel awart of his first refease! I morked. cruel smart of his first refusal I mocked and cursed him there. Aye, cursed him for what was only right, for the boat was but poorly manned, there were so few men at the beach, and of them some were old and almost crippled; but in my selfish ravings I felt no pity for in my selish ravings I felt no pity for the poor ship in distress, screaming again and again that I wished it would break up before they got started, and that if they went I hoped never to see any of them again!

"Slowly my Malcolm left his place at the bow of the beat; if I live 'till I'm a

hundred, which, God pity me, I hope won't, never can I forget the look saw on his face in the wan light.

"'Nell, darling, kiss me good-by Won't? Ah, well, God bless you!' and he was gone.
"Down on the sand I fell in a dead faint. What then? Ab, yes. I lay there but a moment; the wet sand on my face brought me to. I stared about

me; none were left but a little knot of women and children huddled together, crying and peering through the gloom at the struggling boat, and a couple of old men still standing waist deep in the water where they had helped shove "Now the surf is passed; they are

tossed on the great waves; down, down they go far from sight in the mad sea; then up they come again; up, up, 'gainst wind and tide, now toppling on the point of some monster billow, only to go plunging down to meet the next and pulling up with might and main to reach the wreck that labored and

"Now they work round under her stern and are hidden from us by the hulk, but soon we see them again carefully approaching from the lee side: try to board her. Then we know from but even there it seems too rough to a dark shape suspended over the boat tives in a position to effect a successful for an instant; the next, a rast, mountainous wall of feam overwhelms them, visional government. the gale bursts out afresh and when we can get our breaths and look again they are gone! Nothing is left but a raging line of breakers black with wreckage! Ship and boat are no

Calmly she wiped her streaming eyes

"At daybreak eight bodies had washed ashore; four our own men and four strangers; the rest of the ship's company, nobody knows how many, and the fifth of the boat's crew-my own Malcolm, were never recovered!"

The heat, which pulsated around us like a draught from a hot furnace, and

the dramatic intensity of the old dame's the dramatic intensity of the old dame's recital had so worked upon me that I was in a sort of addled comatose condition. The few sounds of life from the village were unnoticed; even the warning whistle had blown some minutes before entirely unheeded; so I had to take the Cape train back to town, but take the Cape train back to town, but somehow I didn't feel like complaining. -H. Hamilton, in Boston Budget.

-Bobble-"Don't they feel awfully funny when you walk?" Mr. Guzzle-"What do you mean, little man?" Robble-"Why, somebody said you had Robbie spakes in your boots real often."-InSENATOR VEST.

He Talks Freely, but Neither Inderses Nor Condems the Silver Demonstration Felley of Cleveland. Sr. Louis, July 29.—United States Senator George G. Vest is at the Southern hotel. The senator's mind is naturally full of the financial situation

Southern hotel. The senator's mind is naturally full of the financial situation and he talks freely, but is rather more inclined to seek opinions than to give them. Said he:

Can sayone tell where this will all end? I season, I am sure. This paints may be further reaching and longer enduring than any this country has ever experienced. Nine men out of every ten I meet say. 'Repeal the Sherman law.' Will that do it? If it will we can repeal it. Not easily, I must confess, but we can do it. The country is right now in the most critical period of its financial history. We have been raveling along on makeshifts of one kind and another since 1878. Expedients will avail no longer. We are at the parting of the ways and must take definite, decided action one way or the other. We must either take up our silver and defored it against the world, or drop it; demonstrate it: decidere that it is not available as basis of currency and deciare that the constitutional right granted to congress to "coin money" means that we shall coin gold only.

There are extremists on both sides. Silver men can be heard who will talk as foolishly as Gov. Waite did, with his talk about blood up to the bridles, which nonsease has recolded on their own heads and Wall street has its gold bugs who are as unreasonable and wild in their protestations and demands. The outlook is gloony. We are in a fold. It may continue to spread and there is no way to judge of its extent. It may iff, as food o sometimes, as addeally as it formed and ited us in the sunlight under a smiling sun. In this, as in all other diffemmas, the nation turns to the law-making power and cries help us. I can only pray that Heavon may direct us to do that which is right and for the benefit of our fair land.

which is right and for the benefit of our fair land.
On the last Pourth of July I heard an orator down in Virginia say to a vast audience: "Mow is it that France with a population of only 97,000,000 and a territory only one-thirtieth as large as ours can keep \$700,000,000 of silver on a parity with gold! How is it that she, with a population mainly composed of ignorant peasants, can keep a gold reserve of \$250,000,000 and be able to loss England \$25,000,000, as she did at the time of the Baring Bros. failure! What is the matter with our statement that we can't do that Are we not better, then, than these Frenchmen! What is all this taile of our inestimable material wealth that we hear so much about? Where are our statesmen, where are our fluanciors!"

Now that is the kind of argument that re-flects the popular mind upon the money ques-tion. How will it be possible to convert the nation to a faith in monometallism—to a single gold standard?



The Silver Convention.

Washington, July 29.—It is announced by Gen. A. J. Warner, president of the American Bimetallic league, that the silver convention to be held at Chicago. August 1. and following days, will be devoted to the discussion of the situation and the appointment of a committee to prepare resolutions and an address to congress and the people of the country. Measure of the country of the country of the country. and the people of the country. Meas ares to arouse the country to a sense of the dangers threatened by the single gold standard will be discussed. details of the work have not been de cided on and will not be till all meet in Chicago.

Washington, July 29.—In criminal court No. 1 before Judge Cole, Col. Frederic A. Ainsworth in charge of the record and pension office of the war lepartment: George Dant, contractor William Covert, superintendent, and Francis Sasse, engineer, were to-day arraigned as responsible for the disasstrained on the bar and threatened to der at Ford's old theater building and go to pieces every second. were charged, each of them, with man-slaughter. The defendants pleaded

Arms for Hawaii.
San Fuancisco, July 29.—The Morning Call prints a statement that within the past month arms have been shipped to Hawaii and the belief is that an atwere purchased of a local dealer by a mysterious person who refused to say who they were for.

Burned in a Tenement. PITTSBURGE, Pa., July 29.—Two per-ons were killed and several others eriously injured as the result of seriously injured as the result of a fire on the South side to-day. The dead are Maggie Witchell, aged 18, years, and Fred Hussel, aged 25 years. The injured are: Charles McDonald, probably fatally burned; an unknown Polish girl, probably fatally burned; an unknown peddler, very dangerously

A Noted Divine Says: "I have been using Tutt's Liver Pills for Dyspepsia. Weak Stomach and Costiveness, with which I have long been afflicted.

SOLD EVERYWHERE. Office, 140 to 144 Washington St., N. Y.

the dining-room. Having breakfasted in solitary state, he exchanged a few remarks with Col. Dayton, glanced over a morning paper and then strolled out of the hotel, intending to arrange definitely his plans for the day.

"I wonder how my fair client is this morning?" ran his thoughts, as he start-ed down the attent with we restleme

ABSORBED IN THE ANXIOUS CONTEMPLA

"I wonder how my fair client is this morning?" ran his thoughts, as he started down the street with no particular destination in view. "I shall have anything but welcome tidings for her when I see her again. How shall I conduct this affair? Very delicate! However, as I am happily proof against sentimentality, I think I can handle it. I wonder if Noll has really allowed himself to become seriously interested in her? The major must be a queer fellow, or possibly one of the "poor dear"s per or possibly one of the 'poor dear's pe-culiarities' may be that he objects to that sort of thing! Well, I shall cer-

that sort of thing! Well, I shall cer-tainly keep on the safe side, whatever my brother may have done."

Indolently absorbed in his own re-flections, North responded from time time to time to the cordial greetings that he was constantly receiving. He presently was struck by the fact that of the many friendly faces that he saw

not one of them was familiar.
"I must not forget the few individ-uals whose names I have already learned," he said to himself gravely. "Let me see now, who are There's Col. Dayton, to begin well, I shall see him so constantly that there is no danger of my forgetting him. Then Warner, my electioneering friend; his image is likewise indelibly graven upon my memory. By the hye, I must look out for Clipper—Col. Clipper, as I heard some one call him this morning. I shall probably meet him somewhere, and never know it unless some fortunate chance enlightens me. One of Noll's most intimate political associates, too, no doubt. Extremely appropriate the control of awkward not to know him! Then there is Wee, that pattern of amiabil-ity. I cordially dislike that fellow, but ould like to know who he is, and how far his acquaintance and connec-tion with Noll extend. Wymer, Jack tion with Noil extend. Wymer, Jack Wymer, my political opponent—h'm! Can that be all? Oh, Mrs. Maynard, to be sure! I must not omit her from the list of my acquaintances. Five persons in this city where I have such a host of friends, whom I can with confidence approach and call by name. What an outlook! Well, I shall be obliged to know my with about me me obliged to keep my wits about me, and learn the names and countenances of Noll's friends as speedily as possible: above all, I must be careful to speak to

anore all, I must be careful to speak to reveryone that secure to know me. I will err on wisdom's side," he declared to himself sagaclously. "It will be better to overwhelm Noll's enemies by an mexpected affability than to chill his friends by an equally unexpected coldness and reserve; and any unusual gradients. "He represents me as a gentleman to the best of it is, you might suppose that he meant every word of it."

"He represents me as a gentleman." no doubt be easily referred to the approaching election." It was rather a grim smile that North's face were as he reached this conclusion. He did not even attempt to deceive himself by the persistently dippart tone of his reflections; he was perfectly well aware that it was as-sumed as a slight relief from the sharp

anxiety and suspense that he had been enduring from the moment when the suspicion of his brother's complicity in the Dunkirk will forgery first entered It was the babit of Allan North's life to treat even the most serious phases of his experience with a cynical levity that would have shocked anyone who was accustomed to estimating sober realities at their true value and treating them ceordingly. Thus far it was the best philosophy that he had learned, and he clung to it as fondly as a child clings to a painted toy. Fortunately, such a state of mind is neither fatal nor per-

manent. In the consummate maturity of heart and mind there is little room or toleration for the frivolities of ad-olescence. With the first inspiration of vigorous perfected mental grawth that thistledown synicism is blown away. "By the way"—North's soliloquy brought him to a sudden halt on a corner—'I wonder where Market square is? It occurs to me that it would be a wise, natural and praiseworthy proeceding, a delicate and perhaps

wholly undeserved compliment to my partner, for me to call at our office for a few moments. Of course I'll not undertake to do anything there, and I'll not venture to stay very long, either, for fear some of Noll's innumerable clients should appear upon the scene and involve me in embarrussing compilcations; still, for the sake of appear ances and my own peace of mind—that office and partner will be a haunting terror until I have boldly faced them—I

think I would better go, and at once."
This point settled, his next quandary
was, how should be find Market square without—expedient not to be thought of—actually inquiring the way? Still pausing on the street corner, he looked speculatively hither and thither.

are you, Warner?" were the salutations that were exchanged as the two gentlemen cordially clasped hands.
"Where are you bound for, North?"
was Warner's first inquiry.
"To the office," returned North, unblushingly.
"You are? Going crab-fashion, ch?"
And Warner laughed gleefully at this
palpable hit, for North, without knowing it at all, had been sauntering in the









